And comes not in, over-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M But there is *Merdake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, & Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds. *Enter Worcester.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

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